

## Chapter 1: Anakin and Padme: The Holocam

Padme Amidala turned off the spray and stepped out of the refresher cubicle, water dripping in rivulets down the contours of her glistening, naked body. She shook out her hair, sending droplets flying, and leaving soggy auburn strands plastered against her face. She activated the 'fresher station's dryer, and within moments, microfans blew against her body, causing her to briefly shiver as the room dried her.

Leaving the steamy 'fresher, her hair still damp and sticking to her skin, Padme entered the bedroom she shared with her husband and Jedi Knight, Anakin Skywalker, housed within her Senatorial apartment complex on Coruscant. Such was the situation with the Clone Wars and the Republic's ongoing fight against the Separatists, Anakin was often called up to the frontlines, and over the past two years, Padme had had to make do with an assortment of toys - and the occasional handmaiden -- to keep herself occupied without her lover.

Tonight was not one of those long, lonely nights, however, as Anakin, recently returned from Vjun, was waiting, naked, on the bed for her. His piercing blue eyes were locked on his wife's beautiful form, and his meaty, ten-inch cock was twitching in arousal against one bronzed thigh. Padme wasted no time in jumping onto the bed and clambering on top of her husband, who grew hard instantly, his ramrod shaft nestling itself between the rotund globes of her buttocks. Kneeling with her creamy thighs pressed on either side of his hips, Padme lowered herself onto Anakin's waiting member, and gasped at the sensation of his prick slowly filling her. It had been months since their last union, and Padme had almost forgotten how he made her feel -- almost, because there was no way Padme could forget their many nights of passion.

Padme moved atop him, rising and falling to meet Anakin's thrusts from under her. Padme moaned as she felt Anakin's thick cock sliding up and down her tight inner walls, slick with her juices and swelling inside her like not even the most advanced mechno-phallus could. She lowered herself over him, her full breasts jiggling over his broad, tanned chest, and she leaned in for a long, wet kiss. Anakin pulled his smooth legs up under him and cupped the rippling cheeks of his wife's ass with his large hands -- one flesh-and-bone, the other made of cool alloy whose firm touch sent a thrill through Padme's body, causing her to break off the kiss and gasp for air. Groaning throatily with his blue eyes blazing, and kneading the hot flesh in his palms, Anakin thrust deeper and harder inside his lusty wife. Within mere seconds the Jedi Knight felt his balls tighten as they slapped lewdly against his lover's pumping crotch.

Screaming wildly, Padme clenched her vaginal muscles around her lover's meat, rubbing her hardened clit with her fingers as Anakin's engorged fuckstick exploded, jetting his hot spunk deep inside the vixen bouncing atop him with wild abandon. Padme lost control as she felt his seed spill into her. She came, hard, arching her back and throwing her head all about, sending strings of her long, damp auburn hair cascading in all directions. Her juices flooded over Anakin's powerfully pulsing rod, gushing out from between Padme's legs and over her grunting lover's sculpted abdomen.

Head still ringing from her orgasm, Padme flopped down onto Anakin's sweat-flecked chest, hair splayed over her glistening back, loose strands brushing Anakin's skin and tickling his nipples. Padme was breathing hard, but instantly began grinding her flooded pussy against Anakin's slackening dick again, seemingly intent on fucking her lover until the orbital mirrors brought dawn to Coruscant. Anakin, however, surprised her by rolling her over onto her back and rising from the bed. Padme looked up at him in confusion, spread-eagled on the sodden sheets, moisture still dripping down her thighs.

"Anakin?" she asked, fearing that he was preparing to leave again, to return to the war and deprive her of his heavenly company once more. Her husband, however, had other plans.

"Don't worry," he soothed, standing tall in front of her, the lights of Galactic City glinting off his toned body, highlighting the mixture of cum staining his crotch and the impressive organ hanging between his splayed legs. "I thought we could try something a little...different, tonight."

Padme's fearful expression blossomed into a smile. "What kind of different?" she asked, as Anakin knelt down to reach under the bed. He rose holding a small, rotund holocam in one hand, a wicked smile on his face.

"How about we make a holovid?" he winked, "for our own personal use, of course."

Padme grinned, too. "That doesn't sound very Jedi to me," she said with a mock-stern expression, then quickly switched to the sultry smile she was so good at, "I love it!" With that, Anakin activated the cam, which hovered in the air, a red light blinking above the photoreceptor on its smooth dome. Anakin pressed another button, and the cam oriented its single lens on Padme as it hung silently in the air. She giggled, and stretched out on the bed, arching her back and jutting her breasts out towards the cam's all-seeing eye. She wasted no time in reaching up with both hands to fondle her orbs, kneading them in her palms and pinching her swollen nipples between her digits. Sultry moans issuing from the 'O' of her mouth, Padmee seemed perfectly prepared to put on a one-woman show right there, but when Anakin clambered onto the bed and resumed his prone position, she immediately brought him into the act.

The holocam zoomed out to get Anakin into frame as Padmee crawled over to him, but focused back in to capture the action as Padmee began stroking Anakin's limp prick. Her ministrations worked their magic, and Anakin began to harden under her touch. She leaned in and took the head in her mouth, sucking on it until it stood fully erect, pre-cum dribbling from the crown. Anakin groaned through clenched teeth as Padmee slowly took more of him into her hot mouth, making lewd slurping sounds as she sucked him in. The cam hovered closer, and Padmee reached out to cup Anakin's balls with one hand, while the other began stroking his shaft in time with her bobbing head. Anakin threw his head back as Padmee played her fingers over his balls, dragging her nails slightly, and gobbled his entire member into her mouth in one gulp.

The deep-throat was caught on camera, as the hovering droid moved in, providing prospective viewers with a close-up of Padme's beautiful face, eyes closed, Anakin's cock filling her mouth

and drool trickling from around her wet lips. Eventually, she came up for air, releasing Anakin's prick and leaving a line of saliva trailing from her lips to his head as she moved back.

Padmee was set to dive back in when Anakin shifted position, pushing her onto her back and grabbing her thighs as he dove between her legs. The holocam, recording little more than Anakin's tousled head of hair bracketed by Padme's long legs, began to trail up the Senator's flushed body. Padme writhed in place as she felt Anakin's breath on her pussy lips, then squealed as he latched onto them with his lips. His tongue snaked out and parted her like the opening of a flower, before swirling inside and sending Padme into a frenzy. His prosthetic hand joined in, its electrostatic fingertips brushing against Padme's sensitive skin and exciting her all the more. She bucked and moaned under Anakin's oral onslaught, but managed to spot the holocam making its way up her body, capturing every inch of her glowing flesh with its penetrating lens. As it took in her face, Padme stuck one finger in her mouth and began sucking on it, while her other hand busied itself with her right breast. The cam droid was sure to film it all.

Anakin's ministrations were rewarded with a gush of love juices, flowing from Padme's cunt as she came around his working mouth, and a shriek of pleasure from above. She continued to fondle her breast, tugging at the hardened nub of its nipple as Anakin slipped his hands under her, holding her ass and pushing her crotch against his mouth so as not to miss any of his sweet prize.

By now, the holocam was unsure where to aim its lens; at Anakin still slurping away at Padme's flooded pussy, or at her lustful acts of self-pleasure. Anakin decided to make the choice for the droid, scooting up Padme's body until his engorged cock was in line with her glistening snatch. Grasping it in his fleshy hand, Anakin began slapping it against her puffy lower lips, then rubbed the head up and down, careful not to penetrate her folds -- yet. His wife moaned and writhed, reaching around to grab Anakin's firm buttocks in an attempt to push him inside her. Anakin, however, tugged her arms away, holding them high above her head with his mechno-hand. Pinning Padme's body to the bed with his bulk, Anakin thrust himself inside her, opening her up fully, and directing the cam's attention to his long, slow strokes as he began rhythmically fucking his wife.

The cam did not miss a second, focusing on Padme's dripping hole as Anakin sheathed himself again and again into her velvety snatch, slowly building up speed until he was ramming himself into her wantonly. Her hips bucked to meet his hard, pounding motions, and the cam's aural receivers resonated with the sound of flesh slapping wetly upon flesh as the two lovers ground against each other. Padme clawed at the sheets, head thrashing side-to-side as her senses were overwhelmed again. Even as his beautiful wife spurted another jet of honey around his pistoning cock, Anakin grabbed one leg, raising it high in the air as he shifted Padme onto her side. Wrapping both arms around her creamy, sweat-slicked thigh, Anakin pressed himself against Padme, his hips still snapping hard and fast against her. Her leg stood straight up in the air, its toes wiggling and clenching as Padme's body was rocked.

Anakin felt himself rapidly approaching his climax, and plunged into his lover in a final burst of energy. Padme screamed out, a prolonged, indecipherable moan of sheer pleasure, her voice juddering with each thrust her limp body took. The cam pulled back as Anakin shifted position again, grabbing both of Padme's legs by the ankles and raising them over his head and onto his shoulders. Leaning forwards, bent over Padme, Anakin struck even deeper inside her, and Padme felt sure the head of his swelling cock was pushing against her womb.

The holocam dashed around the writhing, humping couple to capture Padme's face from over Anakin's shoulder, upon which her legs were crossed at the ankle, pressed tight against his neck. Suddenly, Anakin cried out hoarsely, his body shuddering. He somehow managed to pull out of his angelic lover, and began pumping vigorously on his engorged cock as Padme lay recumbent, waiting.

The cam swooped around to capture Anakin as he approached orgasm, his well-toned body near glowing with sexual energy, his face contorted into an expression of ecstasy. He came with a shout, and the camera tracked his spunk as it shot onto Padme's prone form, hitting her square on her heaving chest. The next two shots jetted higher, covering her face in gooey liquid, while the fourth painted a white trail from her slick, creamy breasts down to her navel. The droid did not fail to capture Padme attempting to lick the cream from around her mouth, and recorded her scooping wads of Anakin's jizz from her belly to suck from her fingers.

Anakin collapsed onto the bed and lay gasping beside his wife as Padme rubbed the remainder of his sticky load all over her tits, kneading them in full view of the camera. Then, giggling, she licked the last of it from her fingers, fixing the holocam lens with a sultry stare. Anakin reached out weakly, and powered the camera droid down with a touch of the Force. It hovered, deactivated, in the air in front of the exhausted couple, tangled in their damp, clinging sheets.

After a blissful time in which Anakin and Padme simply lay together in the afterglow, the Jedi Knight rose from the sex-stained bed and plucked a small disc from the holocam's dome. He waved it at Padme. "This is going in our private collection," he said with a grin.

Padme, reclining up against the pillows, legs tucked up under her, looked puzzled. "We don't have a private collection."

Anakin's grin widened. "We do now. We'll just have to expand it." Padme shared the grin as Anakin tucked the disc away in a hidden compartment in Padme's dressing table. He turned back to her, hands on hips, his cock hanging limply between his legs. "Ready to get some rest, milady?"

Padme gave him a devilish look. "I'm ready to put on another show," she admitted, rising from the bed and sashaying over to him. Anakin smirked, and reached out for the holocam again, though Padme pressed a finger to his hairless chest, stopping him in his tracks. Her hand glided down his body until it rubbed against his cock, which immediately stirred at her touch.

"Not this time," she grinned, and grasped his cock firmly in her small hand. "This one is for our eyes only". And with that, she led him into the refresher station, locking the door behind her.

## **Chapter 2: The Double**

In the weeks following the recording of their first sex holovid, Anakin Skywalker and Padme Amidala had enjoyed an amazing sex life, their passion enflamed every time they re-watched the recording. Padme felt that being able to play back every erotic detail, freeze-framing moments and zooming in to capture their coupling in all its glory, was incredibly exciting. She had never so much as seen the cover of a pornvid in her life, yet she often found herself bringing herself off in the privacy of her bedroom with the holographic forms of her and Anakin fucking each other senseless in front of her.

It had spiced up their shared moments of pleasure, also. Anakin had fortuitously been spared the prospect of returning to the frontlines for the next month, so he spent every second away from the Temple in Padme's company. Unfortunately, Padme had her own duties to attend to, and was often forced to abandon one of many long sessions of lovemaking to race to some Senate meeting or other. One such occasion saw the couple having to hurriedly divest Padme's body of a modest layer of Wrosyhr syrup Anakin had been in the process of removing rather more languidly. Padme had only just arrived at the Senate Building in time for a very important meeting with the Senator of Corellia, and was sure she had felt something sticky dribbling down her leg throughout their conversation.

It was several, blissful weeks after Anakin had introduced Padme to the wonders of the holocam. When Padme arrived back from the afternoon's Session of Congress, she found Anakin waiting in their bedroom wearing a simple robe and a broad grin. She smiled back, running into his arms and locking her lips around his hungrily. She managed to disentangle her tongue long enough to whisper huskily, "Bed?" but Anakin appeared to have something else on his mind. He gently drew his wife away, and gestured to the bed, upon which lay the holocam surrounded by hydrospanners, sonic screwdrivers and other tools. He had been tinkering again.

"I've made something for you," he said with a touch of pride. "I updated the internal tri-dimensional bio-capture modules for full-band, solid-state image capture and processing."

Padme looked blank, though was nevertheless eager to learn what improvements Anakin had made to the handy little droid. "In Basic...?" she asked with a wry smile.

Anakin reached out and activated the droid, which jetted into the air and hovered on its repulsor. "Watch," he said. A moment later, the droid's projection plate switched on, and a beam of multi-coloured light fanned from the lens and across the room. Padme turned from her husband to find herself looking at...her husband.

The droid was projecting a full-size, full-colour image of Anakin Skywalker, standing

nonchalantly by Padme's dresser, haloed by an aura of blue-tinged light. Padme stepped closer, marvelling at the detail of the hologram; every one of his tousled hairs had been digitized and relayed, as had those of the loose-fitting dressing gown the apparition was wearing. Impressed, Padme circled the holoprojection, finding that Anakin's body had been recorded as a completely three-dimensional image; the solid-seeming holo looked almost as good as the real thing.

The "real thing" himself had moved closer to Padme as she rounded his holographic double, and now encircled his arms around her waist from behind. Anakin lowered his lips to her neck, planting kisses upon her flushing flesh, his hands softly caressing her abdomen over her robes.

Padme sighed at his touch, though continued to regard the faux-Anakin, still standing still before her. "It's amazing," she breathed. "It's so real."

"That's not all," Anakin whispered back, and with a wave of his hand, activated another function of the holodroid. Instantly, the Anakin hologram sprang to life, evidently having been a recording made by the Jedi Knight prior to Padme's arrival. The hologram shifted in place, blue eyes blinking every so often.

Behind his wife, Anakin raised a hand in greeting, and a moment after, the hologram raised its hand in a lazy salute. Padme heard Anakin's chuckle. "Very clever," she commented with a smile, then gasped again as Anakin's hand moved lower to brush over her groin.

In front of her, the faux-Anakin was untying the belt that cinched its robe, letting the gown fall open to reveal a digital representation of her husband's beautiful body. His pectorals stood out on his tanned chest, their bronzed hue captured perfectly by the holocam, layered with a thin sheen of perspiration that belied the work he had spent on the droid. Padme's eyes were instinctively drawn lower down, to where the hologram's cock hung long and limp between its muscular legs. Her eyes gleamed and Padme licked her lips instinctively at the sight. "Impressive," she managed to gasp, "caught every little detail."

"Not so little," Anakin retorted lightly, and pressed himself against Padme's back, making sure his wife felt the throbbing erection held tight in his pants. She moaned aloud as she felt Anakin's length, hard against her ass, knowing that he was enjoying this little game just as much as she.

Anakin continued lavishing his attention on Padme's body, hands roving across the fabric that separated him from her beautiful, creamy flesh. He seemed to have worked out the timing of his one-man (well, almost) performance, as his hands began ascending to cup Padme's breasts through her dress even as the holo-Anakin began to stroke its flaccid cock in front of her.

Padme's eyes were fixed on the sight, though she could not help moaning in arousal as Anakin caressed her globes in his large hands. She watched as the holo-Anakin pleased himself, his cock growing hard and dripping with precum even as Padme felt herself becoming wet at the sight of her husband performing for her. The hands on her body unzipped her top, letting it fall to the floor and exposing the Senator's tits to the cool air of the bedroom, though seconds later

they were covered by those roaming hands, kneading them and rubbing against the hardened nubs of her nipples. Padme melted back into Anakin's embrace as he caressed her, throwing her head back against his shoulder as Anakin returned his lips to her slender neck. The young Jedi began trailing sloppy kisses down Padme's neck, while still his fingers worked deftly over her teats. Padme reached up and tangled her fingers in his long, tousled hair, ensuring he did not cease his ministrations.

On the contrary, Anakin paused only to divest Padme of her loose-fitting pants, letting them pool around her ankles as his fingers swept in to perform an onslaught on her puffy pussy lips and hardened clit. Although his actions caused Padme's moans to increase in pitch, her eyes were locked on his holographic double, who was now bent over slightly, jerking himself off earnestly, his cock fully erect. He was looking out in Padme's general direction -- though she told herself he was meeting her gaze -- an expression of rapture on his flushed face.

Suddenly, Padme felt an orgasm take her, her attention ripped momentarily from her holo-husband's act of self-pleasure as she arched her back against Anakin's bare torso. Her flesh-and-blood lover, now in as much a state of undress as his recorded counterpart, had entered her, his thick shaft lodged firmly and deeply within her tightness, his bulging head swelling deliciously inside her. "Oh! Anakin!" Padme screamed, and cried out as he began to move inside her gushing snatch, snapping his hips back and forth, sliding himself between her wet, inner walls. He was still holding her in a powerful embrace, so Padme could do nothing but stand, legs apart, and allow the sensations to wash over her, Anakin's grunts in her ear, his breath hot against her cheek, his double now jerking his hips against his pumping hand, mimicking Anakin's sensual movements.

Padme felt her knees weaken, and sagged against Anakin's rocking body, allowing him to press yet deeper inside her warmth. Taking this as his cue, Anakin pitched forwards, lowering himself and his wailing lover to the soft carpet. "How about a -- unh! -- new angle?" he grunted as he spread Padme's quivering legs with his knees, propping her up in a kneeling position on the snug carpet. Content to let her husband have his way with her, Padme rested her head on her arms, quite unable to support herself. Anakin grasped her waist and renewed his pace, rolling his hips and ramming in and out of his beautiful wife with gusto. Padme's unceasing moans became a prolonged stammer as she was physically jerked back and forth, propelled on Anakin's pistoning rod.

Anakin then rocked back on his heels, raising Padme onto his lap as he knelt, shins pressed into the carpet, still rocking his hips with powerful strokes. This brought Padme level with holo-Anakin's pulsating member as it slid between his clenched fingers. Padme gazed at it, bare inches away from her face, as it began to jerk madly. She gasped, watching Anakin's cock as it pulsed and jetted a stream of spunk over Padme's head -- while, nestled in her wetness, Anakin grunted and shot a second load of considerably hotter and wetter sperm deep inside his wife. Instantaneously, still staring at the cum-disgorging cock in front of her, Padme came, screaming, clenching around the real thing and causing Anakin to topple onto his back, sinking into the thick, comfortable fabric below.

The faux-Anakin's final spurts of love-juice dripped down between Padme's legs as she and Anakin fought to regain their breath. Anakin managed to call on the Force to freeze the hologram, capturing himself in a state of sheer ecstasy: head thrown back, sweat-slicked muscles rippling, one hand still firmly grasping his engorged, reddened member. Padme could have gazed up at the picture of perfection forever.

She turned instead to Anakin, rolling onto her stomach atop him, planting her hands on his pecs. "That was wonderful," she breathed, smiling down at him. He grinned back.

"It was my pleasure," he said, and pulled his wife in for a kiss, his double standing like a sentinel, watching silently over the couple as the sole observer of a new and energetic bout of lovemaking.